

Shug

"Nuthing But Props"

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Yeah... yeah! (Yeah... OH MY GOD~!)

[Shug]

Shit what the fuck's goin on on the Southside of Tucson
Niggaz gettin hit with their boots on
What'cha weak frown, put'cha heat down
Take a seat clown, or get yo' ass beat down
Cops tryin to roll on the Shugsta
Niggaz keep they heat, cause that ain't no good sir
Nightstalker, slick walker
Back the fuck up, motherfuckin shit talker
Cause I'm comin through like a meat cleaver
Leave it to Beaver, fuck a bitch then leave her
Niggaz rollin deep right
I got niggaz on the Northside, Westside, Eastside
And they got love for me
And shit's vice versa, so it gets worser
for your ass bucked down, fucked down
Stuck down, say what clown?
Them crackers don't know you
But I'm tellin you, Shug's got nuttin but props for you

[Chorus]

(I got props over here, and props over there)
I got niggaz on the Northside, Westside, and Eastside
(I got love over here and love over there)
I got niggaz on the Northside, Westside, and Eastside
(I got props over here, and props over there)
I got niggaz on the Northside, Westside, and Eastside
(I got love over here and love over there)
I got niggaz~! Buttin but props for ya

[Shug]

Niggaz gettin they cap on, gettin they scrap on
And should be gettin they motherfuckin mack on
They see Shug and straight hit him up
Bang bang boogie, motherfucker get 'em up
Rollin down South Park
Where the party at? Shit didn't start (right)
Fools had to act up, God damn it
I don't understand it

Fuck it, where's a bitch
Cause I'm a black bald motherfucker with a dick
A Southside negro
But I can go to the Northside, kick it at the Pros
Cause it ain't nuttin but love
I got homies from the Northside layin on my rig
The motherfuckin Shug is straight mack
With a fat, motherfuckin sack
I ain't gon' hit you up like I don't know ya
Cause the Shug's got nuttin but props for ya

[Chorus]

[Shug]

Fool I'm much blacker, fuck a dirty macker
God damn saltine cracker
Shug is a negro, not a hero
Walk by my folks, I'm a zero
Turn my head up to the blacks
I hope a nigga put me flat on my back
I ain't no motherfuckin gangster, black as the God
damn Pitch
Tell the devil rest his head on my shit
Take a trip to the Westside
Rollin down 29th, God damn hoo-ride
Headed towards St. Mount
Pager blowin up like hell and I keep countin
Baby want some man
to sink in them guts like God damn quicksand
Get over there, nigga named Doja
Beat it up cause I got nuttin but props for ya
I ain't gon' trip on a bitch
There's enough of us niggaz in jail over that shit
Bail on out like a G
Never get crossed up, hoes don't love me
I can give a fuck 'less I told ya
Ain't got nuttin but props for ya

[Chorus] - 1.5X with ad libs

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